

THE
TWO CONVERTED
THEEVES

O R,

The accidentall meeting of
Peter Picklock and *Matthew*
make them stand, being a Dialog be-
tweene the *Scaffold* and the
Gallowes,



By JOHN LOOKES.



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(1)

*James
Wolfeston* *ho-bone*

THE
Two converted Theeves.

Matthew make him stand,

VVhat fellow Prisoner and Bed-fellow
on the bare boards, once when time
was, I joy to see your legges at liberty.

Peter pick-locke.

Whose that. Matthew make them stand : What
to me gotst thou hither unhang'd, was not wee
two Jailer-Birds together at London, the last
Lanterns Slices, when wee plaid at blind-man
bush for foure and twenty houres together, and
never a cloath before our eyes ?

Mat. It is very true, ecce signum here : Didst
thou ever see a Roman T E witt in a fairer hand
than this in thy life ?

Pet, What but hast thou got a hille in thy hand
then.

Mat. A hille quoth thee, and well it was no
worse, it's better to have a hille then a halter, is
it not pre thee, and yet I must needs confesse the
hang-man dealt very favourably with me in hope

to have my ~~rest~~ another day, but I'll see him
~~about it~~

Per. It seems then thou wast as narrowly
 as my selfe did, for I lok't for no other bath
 but be beery baner'd.

Mat. How dost thou scape then I pray thee.

Per. Faith it comes the man that I rob-
 bed prom'd to be one of those you call protectors;
 now sir: when I was call'd at the barr to have
 had my tryall: the Gentleman was a Gentleman
 shew his face: For indeed as I fell out he be-
 plac'd the theefe more then my selfe: for I robb'd
 him onely; but he robb'd both City and Countie
 under the name of a Pallantie.

Mat. A good one I protest: where shouldst thou
 and I goe rob a Yeoman? for joy we have scapt
 the Gallows so handiome.

Per. Oh no sir: we have couens'd the hang-
 man once, let's have a care we fall not into his
 clutches any more, for if we doe he'll beere us
 most cruelly.

Mat. But let a true good husbande then and
 save the hangman out of his skinne.

Per. A much a faith, thou shalt be the Seal-
 fold, and I'll be the Gallows, and so will
 make our selves merry with a kind of a co-
 medy.

Mat. Begin then; be very loud; for imagine
 the distance is great betwixt them.

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Scaffold.

S^d how, ho ho ho ho ho, so how Serjeant
Wood.

Tibourne

What's the matter, a voyce from Tower-Hill.
speake thy mind I heare thee.

Scaf. I haue answered already: I thinke my
voyce is more swifter then the legs of a porce-
fox, and that an Irish Hubble runs a great deale
faster then an English Hu and cry.

Tibourne. His very like so: for I am perswa-
ded that an Irish man is full as swift as a York-
shire Gelding, if they were but once turned
loose together, and that's the reason so many of
them turne footmen here in England.

Scaf. But come speake to the purpose.

Tibourne, Well it is this: most nere cozzen,
for so we must needs be both by name and con-
dition: thou beign the chiefe Champion and
Conquerour of the disordered crew in New-gate,
and all other notorious offenders nere or with-
in the City or Suburbs of London Metropo-
litane and chiefe Generall of all Gibbets and
Gallowes whose three corners not onely sig-
nifie but serbe for the cutting off their notorious
offences, as Treason, Theft, and Murder.

I thy poore Kingman on Tower-hill, being
brought low, and impoverish't by the means of
a long lingring vacation, thought it fit to make
my ease knowne unto thee.

Tiburne, I but what art thou my cozen then
for certaine?

Scaf. Yes, for as I take it, Mr. Oakes was
Grand-father to vs both, then we cannot choise
but be nere cozens.

Tib. Indeed thou art some what of a tymbe-
rous disposition my selfe, and the most of my
kindred is, but thou looks as thinne as a Starved
Canillien, that liues onely by the Ayre: and I
am perswaded, that the first Letter of thy name,
hath not ben in the golden number this dozen
yeares, and by wards, speake is't not so?

Scaf. 'Tis very true indeed, for my name hath
not bin worth the noting downe in the blank of
an old Almanack, neber since the time that Gre-
gory the late deceased Hang-man, seeming to
play at Legerdemaine, chopt of an Irish mans
head, that neber went about the setting it on a
gaine.

Tib. Ha, ha, ha, ha, and eber since thou smelt so
strong of Irish wood, that an English Spider hath
not the power to knitt her web upon thee; else
perhaps thou might now and then catch a flye to
eate, and so keepe thy selfe from Starving.

Scaf. A bots take them, ther's too many flyes
already

already, and that makes so few stay behind.

Tib. Why whether doe they flye ?

Scaf. Some beyond Sea, and some hide themselves in holes and hedges.

Tib. But what are they hedge birds ?

Scaf. Peg.

Tib. I wish then that wild-fire might burn that bush vp, that hides so much knavery, and cozzen ; for thy part, thou hast legs enough, saith run down to Hallyfar, and worke Journey-work to the Blocke, tis very like there thou mast get the head of a Lancashire horn-pipe for 13. pence halfe penny, and so suffice thy hungry ma^{to}.

Scaf. What need that, and if I had but my due ; for I had rather picke the head of a Wiltfinch, then to haue the head of an Essex Calse, boyled with Bacon for my God-frydayes breakfast, so little to my stomacke.

Tib. Hast thou so ? I can deuoure halfe a dozen, or halfe a score of Malefactors on a Sunday morning for my breakfast once in a moneth and neuer be the fatter for it.

Scaf. As it possible ?

Tib. Yes, for if thou wouldst but come a litle after y^e end of ebery Sessions, thou shouldst see them tyed by by bunches, like so many Gauleers about the necke of a Sunne-burnt Spaniard.

Scaffold,

Scaf. O he he he thou hast almost overcome my stomack with thy talke, it seemes thou art a greater debourer then the great Cater Kent.

Tib. How, why? I tell thee I am able to deboure as many as would deboure a whole Kingdome.

Scaf. Its true: for I for my part could deboure more then it should seeme this Kingdome would hold, except their wings had bene pul'd.

Tiburne. Ha ha ha, I see thy mind is still hankering after birds: but prethee tell me what is the name of that bird, that thy Chops water at so fast?

Scaf. Why thou maist well imagine what bird it was: it was a Woodcock, because he takes his flight in Winter and is so apt to hide his head as fowlers say Woodcocks use to doe.

Tib. Halte? take him, he had too many braines to be a Woodcock, for a Woodcock hides onely his head, and this hides tayle and all; therefore I rather thinke it was a Parrot: for if he had not ride a boate a boate tis very like shoyld after his nose would have bene a rope.

Scaf. Well tis no matter what bird it was except I haue her, and that I thinke I neuer shall.

Tib. Thou dost not know Couzen whether thou maist or no; for I am iust like to a Usurer or a Broker the longer I forbeare the stock the more it increaseth for what losse is it to me if I lose one Iesuite and get two Friars or indeed to forbeare a young I am till hee come to bee an old Ram, tis an old saying and a true, one stabbed Sheepe spoyleth a whole flocke, and so my share will be the greater, for indeed none fallles to me but such as are tainted.

Scaf. A pies take that, thou sayest true, and yet me thinkes the Woolle of those Sheepe might haue made thee a good handsome hat and so thou mightest haue throwne away thy thicke corner'd Cap.

Tib. Thou talkest like on asse Couzen, thou knowest when time was, I might haue had a felt on, yet not much caring for the wearing of it I sent it to a friend of mine at Portsmouth.

Scaf. How long is that agoe yett hee, for I neuer see it, to my remembrance.

Tib. He tell thee when it was: a little after He of Ree sutes and Buckingham Hatts were growne out of fashion.

But

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Scaf. But what am I the better for all this, it is not talke that fills my belly, I may sweall and beare tell of roast meate, but I thinke I may whoop when I get it.

Tib. Well then, to end this discourse, Ile onely sing a short song, and so Ile take my leaue of thee.

Scaf. Preethee doe then, but let it be something pittie.

Scaf. Ile warrant thee, it shall haue matre enough for the length of it.

Come list to mee well,
And I shall thee tell,
What now I could best deieast,
And what I would wish

Served up in each dish,
If I were to choose me a Feast:
First, a young stradling Whore,
With the Pander o'r th doore,
Then one of their pimpes which is lustif,
Next an old rotten bawd
At a Cart arce beene drawd,
And the braines of a bribe taking iustice.

Then the next after that,
A Cormerant (fat)

VVhich

Which hords up much corne in the Country,
 With an Vsurer (old)
 Which bagges up his gold
 To cosen young prodigall Gentry,
 And then I would have
 A promooting Knave,
 With a Iesuit Popish infecter,
 Then a traytors false head,
 Ere he be quite dead,
 With the jole of a jolly Projector.

Now in the next place
 Serv'd up in disgrace,
 A broker that loves for to quarrell,
 And goes to forswear
 A whole moneth in a yeare
 To make poore men lose their apparell,
 A Lawyer that's base
 Which in any case,
 On both sides will be a bribe-taker
 And then last of all,
 May to me befall,
 A thrice set i th Pillory baker.

Tib. What saist thee now cozen, hath this gi-
 ven thee better content?

Scaf. O yes on't, it hath set mee a longing, I
 feare it will make me fall in labour presently.

Tib.

Tib. In labour? a halter thou wilt: for I am
verily perswaded that there is hardly a March
frog that ever had the stomach to ingender with
thee.

Scaf. O no it is of a young Hangman which
nether till this day hath beene boznie of my body.

Tib. So tis but a folly to cry out, theres
never a mid wife will come neare thee, least she
should deliver thee of a young Hangman & so be
accessary to the death of some of her kindred,

Scaf. And if no mid wife will come a nere me
pray helpe mee to the Deputy. for tis pittie I
should perish for want of helpe.

Tib. Well heere what is to be done, but I be-
lieve thinke when all comes to all it must bee a
Mid wife.

Scaf. Pray doe Conzen send who thou canst
get.

Tib. Then Scaffold fare thee well. and fare
well Tower-hill: Ile back. & fill my panch and
leave thee groaning still.

Scaf. Ha ha ha ha ha, this is good, e-
nough.

How

Tib. How dost thou laugh then: fust Ile stay
the tother od minute to heare the end of this
surely.

Scaf. Laugh quoth the I think it would make
a dog laugh, and leape and wabe his tale for
toy to thinke that a sheeps head is going to the
pott: would it not pre thee.

Tib. Alas poore Cousen that the very thought
of a bleatous nob should reforce thy heart so
much; why ther's nothing but bare bones to be
had in a sheeps head.

Scaf. Oh sir, it is a hard world you see, and
and therefore hard world hard fare, a man had
better have a sheepes head then no head at all.

Tib. It is true; there's an old saying: a louse
is better in the pott then nothing, yet he that
hatha head, and s glad to hide it, had as good
go without it.

Scaf. But Cousen prethe read me this riddle

Tib. The windy bankes of this Nation
Makes men of ranke and fashon
sometimes to hider the head.

Scaf. Thats if hee'd not beene cunning
To save himsele by's running,
Hee'd beene as good as dead.

Tiburne. Yes And so the poore Hang-man is
conzoned

Coyend (qd. he) shew it's enough to bring him
into a Consumption, they say he hath practised
this great while, but none the better.

Scaffold, Oh yes, the Knave hath got a notable
Redd hand by his practise, for there was not a
boy neare Tower-hill, nor East-Smithfield,
would suffer him to throw a Cock on Monday
tuesday, for feare he should have kil'd them at
the first or second throw.

Th. Well Scaffold, when he this plainly
see the Hangman wants his due as well as we
Scaf. So I thinke, or else he'd hang at the

F 1567 .S